

G A R L A N D,

Containing Seven Songs, viz.

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| 1 The Beggar's Ramble. | 5 The Loving Pair. |
| 2 Camiwell Green. | 6 Howard's Dragoons. |
| 3 The False Blacksmith. | 7 The Husband's Complamt. |
| 4 Felix and Molly. | |



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The Beggar's Ramble through Lancashire.

AT Padiham town's end, at Padiham town's end,
 I am so dry, I can't get by, this Padiham town's end.
 With a down and down, and a derry down hey,
 With a hey down, O down, down the Derry lane.
 There's Whalley for tobacco & Burnley for good cheer,
 And Blackburn for a pretty girl, if ever you was there.
 There's Chippin and Chorley, that stand upon a moss,
 There's Goosnargh and Gaisang give honour to the cross.
 But as for little Lancaster, it takes in many a stranger,
 When they get 'twixt castle walls, adieu to all free ranger.
 There's Poulton and Poulton, & Poulton in the Fylde,
 There's not a lad in Poulton, can get a lass with child.
 There's Preston in Amounderness, it stands so very fair,
 'Tis order'd by the sheriff, and governed by the Mayor.
 But as for little Clifton, there is not such another.
 The houses stand on one side, and the barns on the other.
 There is Wigan is a footy town, for pots, and for pans,
 For bawling w-- & scolding jades & beggars with their cans,
 But as for little Winwick, it stands upon a clod,
 And when two maids go to bed, the steeple gives a nod,
 There's Chowbent & Chorley, for breeding good whores,
 Not far unlike to Dean-church, & Bolton in the Moors.
 There's Grindleton for grey geese, & Bradford for bread,
 Waddington for water clear, & Mitton mire o'er th' head,
 Rochdale for black puddings, & browis of oat-cakes.
 And Rosendale for jolly boys, at Haslingden wakes.
 There's Ashton for sand, and besoms made of ling,
 And Oldham for as good coal as ever cart did bring,

Felix and Molly.

MOLLY my jewel young Felix did say,
 Don't you remember since I brought you away;
 I brought you to London the city to view,
 You see what a loving shoe-maker can do.

O Molly my jewel will you go with me
 To some foreign country strange places to see,
 For if you'll go with me where I will you bring;
 To hear the love Linnets and Nightingales sing.

Some say I have rob'd your house of your cloth,
 I scorn to be guilty of such actions as those;
 It is true love alone that has inflam'd my breast,
 I am sure in your absence I ne'er can find rest.

Some say we are not married, but that's all a joke,
 Be or be not I still love her best,
 My rights to maintain to the church we will go,
 We will be twice married that parents may know.

Priest did marry us, my breast your conceal'd
 The clerk he is fled, the groom lies in goal,
 Here in confinement I must lie for a while;
 When winter is over sweet summer will smile.

The judge and the jury are all coming down,
 Which puts to my heart a most terrible sound,
 They told me in jail I hang'd must be,
 For stealing of an heiress I hang'd must be.

Her father and uncle were my overthrow,
 To perjure themselves to the bench they will go,
 To have me hang'd for disgracing their friends,
 They'll have me transported, and send me to sea.

I'm sure they'll be sorry for my going away,
But I care not for them I'll march straight away,
My poor wife and children distracted will run,
My mother will lament for the loss of her son.

The loving Pair going to be Married.

AS I was a walking one evening for pleasure,
Down by the side of a river so clear;
I over heard a man and a fair maid talking,
And all their discourse unto you I'll declare:
Says the young man to the maid 'tis you I admire,
Above all the riches that ever my eyes did see;
And all that I crave is to grant my desire,
And to have one fiddle touch of your fal dral da.

If I should consent love, you would think me silly
And if I should do it, what would my mammy say;
So hold of my cloaths, and don't breed a riot,
I hope, young man, you'll mind what you say;
Therefore, my dear Jonny, first let us marry,
And then you shall sport with my fal dral da.

The rocks shall melt love, and run down like water,
And on the wide ocean shall grow a green tree;
And wine love shall run down every gutter,
To-morrow, my dear, if I don't marry thee:
Then close in his arms he began to embrace her,
While the innocent lambs around them did play;
O then this fair maid began to unlease her,
To make him a straight road to her fal dral da.

General Howard's Dragoons.

WHEN Gen. Howard's dragoons to Manchester went,
 The pretty girls in Scotland did sigh and lament;
 Many pretty fair maids, they stood all by their loons,
 Sighing and lamenting for their gallant dragoons.

From Scotland to Manchester they marched away,
 They appeared noble, and their music did play;
 Which charmed the pretty girls, but vexed the loons,
 To see the girls in love with those gallant dragoons.

General Howard's dragoons are gallant men indeed,
 When they see an enemy they advance in full speed;
 They are men of courage, and always stand their ground,
 And boldly they advance when the trumpets do sound.

They are clothed in red, and turned up with blue,
 And in the field of battle they make the French to rue;
 When there is occasion, they've courage for to fight,
 They always do in battle maintain their country's right.

These gallant dragoons there's but few can them excel,
 Where'er they are quartered they behave themselves well;
 They gain the favour of the landlord and landlady also,
 Likewise the pretty lasses so along with them will go.

Ye north-country lasses that's got a heart like me,
 Let's go to famous Manchester those bonny lads to see;
 And when we join the regiment all in that famous town,
 We'll enter into present pay with those men of renown.

Now to conclude and end my song, it's true that's in't,
 I hope it won't be long before we get it in print;
 And with the girls in Manchester we'll drink & sing about,
 So here's a health unto dragoons so merrily drink about.

The Husband's Complaint.

YE batchelors of each degree, in country, town and city
 Take advice, and think not yourselves too witty;
 For I had a loving wife, but I was not content, sir,
 I led her an unhappy life, which makes me lament, sir.

C H O R U S.

So take advice, young men, lest you like me repent it,
 When you get a loving wife, make your lives contented.

At night I drunk reeling came, swaggering and swearing,
 My wife she never did me blame, but was most endearing;
 When sober she would to me say, my dear, be advised,
 To her I no regard would pay, but o'er her tyrannized.
 Thus I led a weary life, which made her uneasy,
 At last I lost my loving wife, now I am almost crazy;
 For soon another wife I got, as I the truth may tell ye,
 And she turns out a drunken sot, hard fortune beset me.
 Now if I drunk come home, instead of words most loving,
 I dare not say my soul's my own, for fear of a drubbing,
 She calls me a son of a whore, and in my ears do rattle,
 I'll pay off your first wife's score, then she gives me battle.
 This is the life now I live, so young men be advised,
 When you get a loving wife, by you let her be prized;
 It serves me right I declare, indeed I do not flatter,
 When once a man has lost a mate, he seldom gets a better